



YOUR "HAPPY HOLIDAY" COMIC!

No. 66

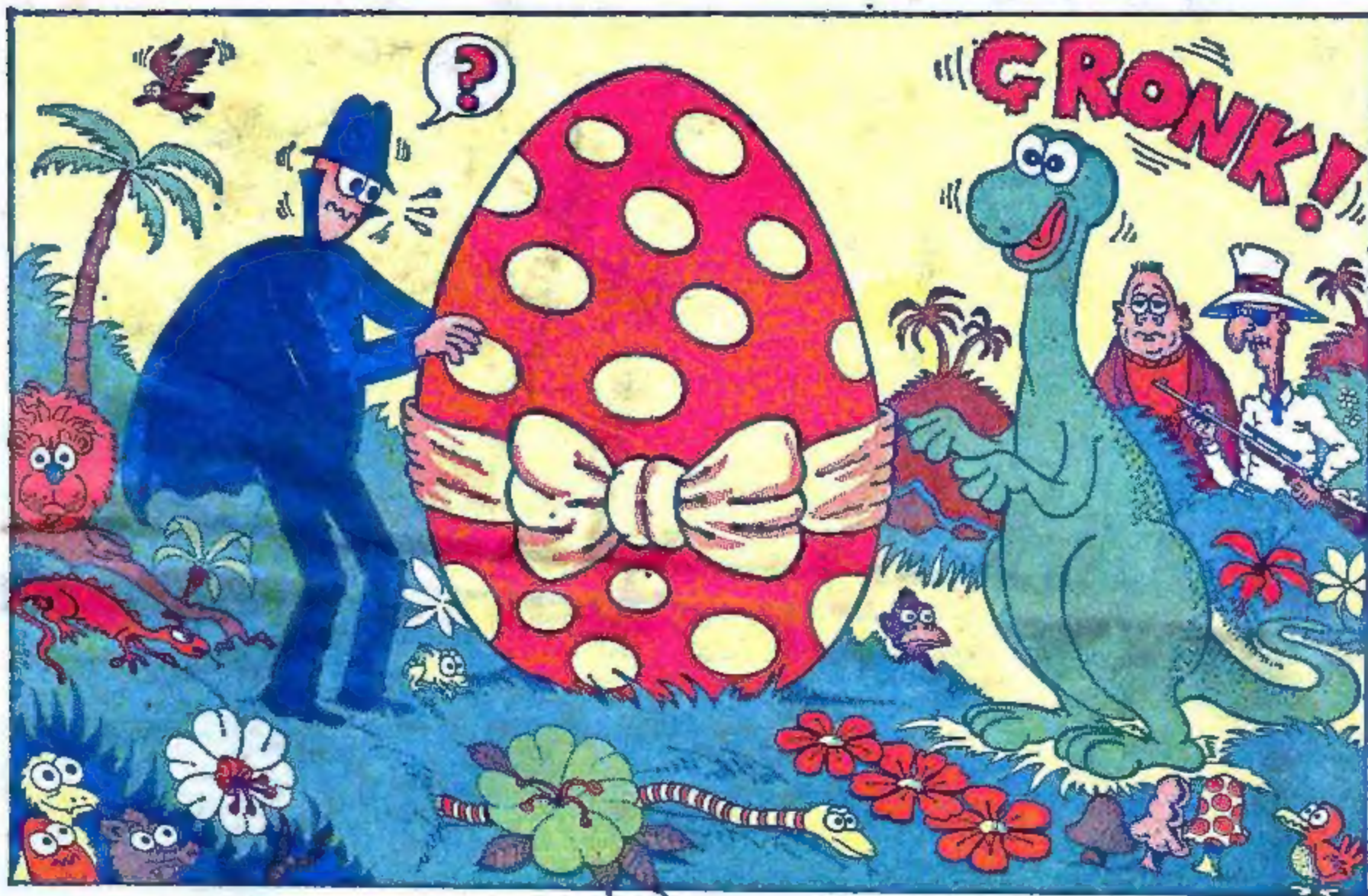
20th APRIL 1968

EVERY MONDAY 7d.

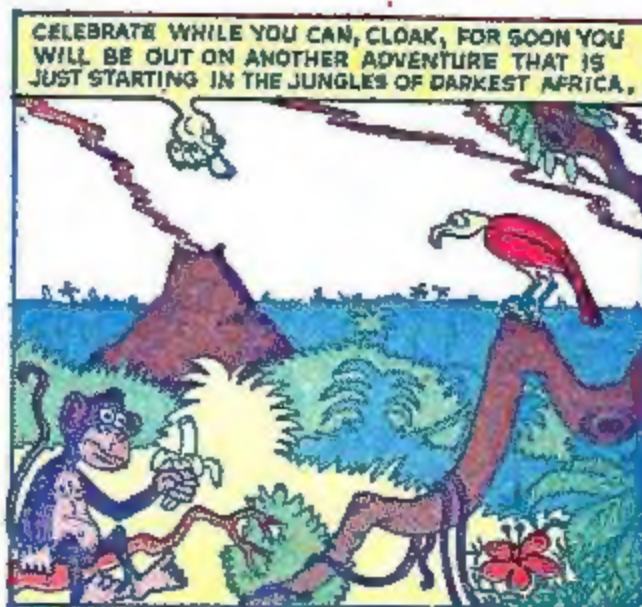
POW!

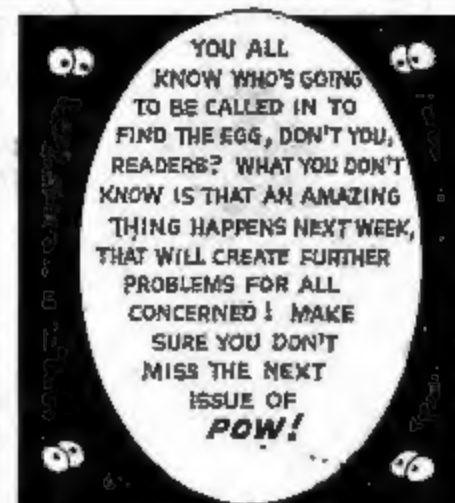
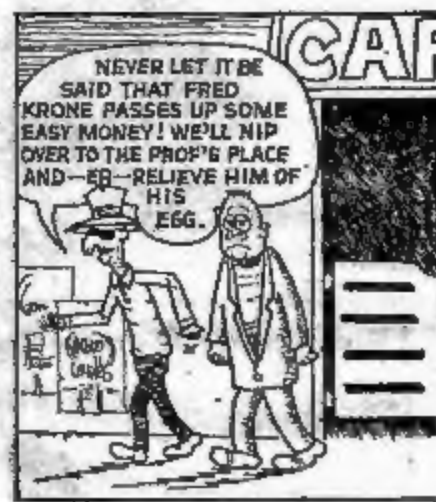
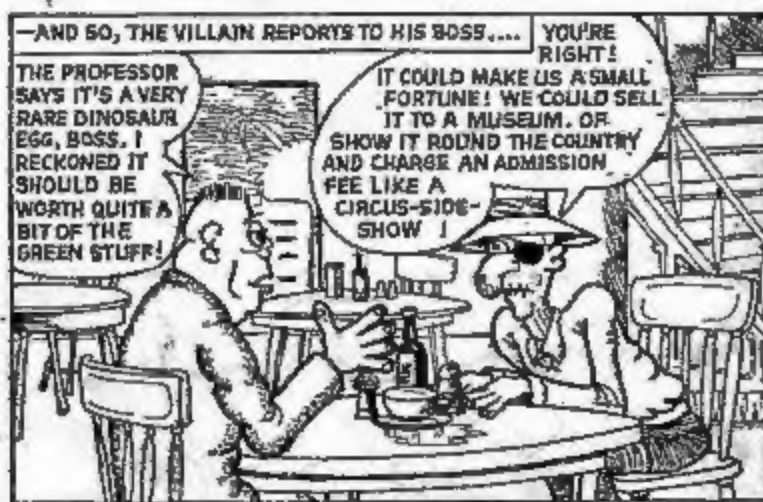
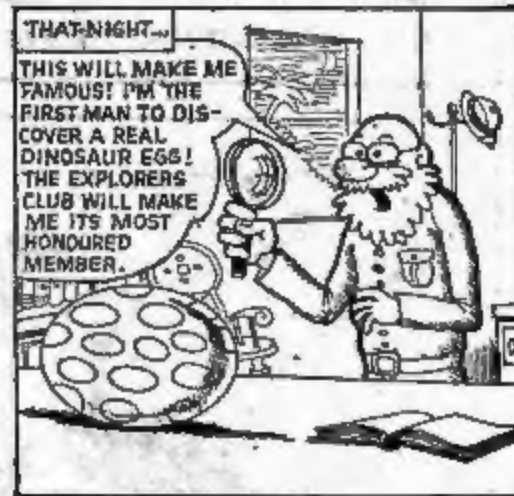
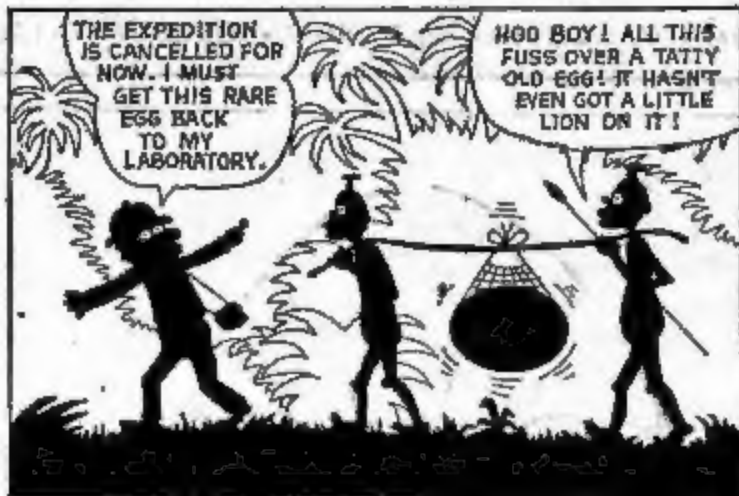
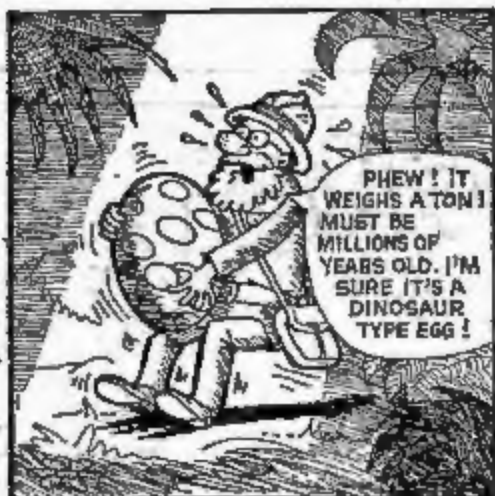
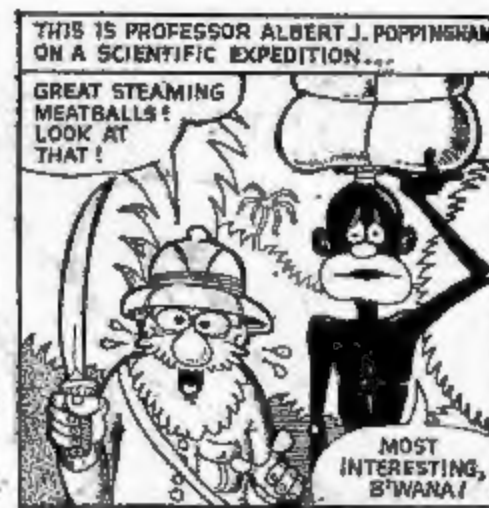
and WHAM!

AUSTRALIA 10s EAST AFRICA 10s WEST AFRICA 10s SOUTH AFRICA 10s RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c)



THE CLOAK and the ANCIENT EGG CAPER!





The FANTASTIC FOUR!



THE MOLE MAN HAS CAPTURED SUE STORM, BY MEANS OF HIS "EARTHQUAKES" WHICH CAUSE WHOLE SECTIONS OF THE CITY TO SINK FROM SIGHT, AND IS HOLDING HER HOSTAGE AS PART OF HIS PLAN TO CONQUER THE WORLD. JOHNNY HAS COME TO THE RESCUE OF HIS SISTER, BUT THE MOLE MAN HAS TRAINED A DEADLY ZETA-RAY CANNON ON THE FIERY YOUNGSTER...

"THE MAD MENACE OF THE MACABRE MOLE MAN!"

UH-UH, SIS! I'M THROUGH GOIN' BACK!! NO MATTER HOW FAST HE CAN FIRE THESE ZETA PARTICLES, I CAN FLY RINGS AROUND 'EM!

IT WON'T HAVE TO!! LOOK WHO'S HERE!

REED! AND BEN! OH, THANK HEAVENS!!

SUE! SHIELD YOURSELF!! YOUR FORCE FIELD... QUICK!!

SHE'S OKAY NOW, RUBBERLEGS!! SO I'M GOING TO FIND ME THAT MOLE MAN!!

BUT YOUR FLAME... IT WON'T LAST FOREVER!!

GANGWAY, YOU CREEPS!! IT'S

CLOBBERIN' TIME!!

REED, DARLING! I WAS AFRAID YOU'D NEVER GET HERE!

STAY CLOSE TO US, SUE! WE CAN'T STOP NOW! BEN! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE ENERGY MACHINE WHICH LOWERED THOSE CITY BLOCKS!

AND WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE FIND IT??

WE'LL REVERSE IT, OF COURSE!







WHO? WHO? WHO IS THE

INVINCIBLE MAN?

SORRY, FRANTIC ONES, BUT THIS STORY IS SO GREAT, THAT EVEN WE DARE NOT TELL! BUT IF YOU WANT ALL THE ANSWERS TO THIS PLAYFUL PROBLEM, AND THE USUAL BRAND OF THRILLING FANTASTIC FOUR ACTION, THEN SEE.....

"DEATH OF A HERO!"

IT STARTS RIGHT HERE, IN POW!—NEXT WEEK!



TABLE CRICKET

with OO Scale Figures

SUBBUTEO

Dept. C.15, Langton Green, Tonbridge Wells, Kent.

A NEW TABLE GAME—where the Cricket Enthusiast can reproduce, at will, all the finesse of the great Summer game.

Play your own:—TEST MATCHES! COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIPS! GILLETTE and CHARRINGTON CUP MATCHES! With all the skill of real cricket:—bowling, double wickets and all the OUTS, such as clean bowled, stumped, caught, L.B.W., run out, etc. Spin, leg and off breaks. Hits for six, four and odd runs.

COMPLETE with 48 Scale Miniature Painted Figures, Stumps, Ball, etc.

As above, together with Green Baize Cricket Pitch.

DISPLAY EDITION 22/11

CLUB EDITION 45/11

Ask at your local Sports or Toy Shop or Departmental Store. In case of difficulty, write for List of Stockists, to:-

RACE INTO ACTION WITH

DAREDEVIL

IN

SMASH!

EVERY MONDAY

7d



FREE 33 DIFFERENT BRITISH EMPIRE QUEEN STAMPS

given to new customers who would like to see our approval books. These contain stamps sent for your inspection from which you may buy. You may buy this offer for 3/- if you do not want the approvals. Send 4d. for postage, and if you are of school age please tell your parents. We regret that we cannot send our approval books out of Europe.

THE WULFRUNA STAMP CO.
(Dept. P.13)
33 TRINITY ST., DORCHESTER, DORSET



200 CANADA INCLUDING CHURCHILL FREE!!

Super packet of 200 mixed Canadian stamps, all unsorted and on pieces of original envelopes, exactly as imported from Canadian convicts. The mixture contains new issues, old stamps, large stamps, pictorials and commemoratives, including the popular Sir Winston Churchill memorial issue, and Christmas stamps. (Total Catalogue Value guaranteed to exceed 35/-.) Sent absolutely free to all who ask to see our Bargain Approval Books. (Enclose 4d. stamp for postage, and please tell your parents.)

PHILATELIC SERVICES
(Dept. P.43), Eastington, Goss, Yorks

SUPER SPECIAL PACKET OF 15 LUNDY ISLAND FREE!

Lundy Island (off England's W. Devon coast) has issued its own private local issues for many years. These stamps must be used on mail posted there. This free packet contains 3 mint TRIANGULAR and DIAMOND "Millenary" commems, Viking Eric Blood-Axe, and complete set of 1953 coronations, Airmail set, etc., 15 unused stamps (face value 2/11½d.), all free. Just ask to see our Approvals. Please inform your parents.

PHILATELIC SERVICES
(Dept. P.5), Eastington, Goss, Yorks

A FANTASTIC FOUR FEATURE PAGE!

HOW THE HUMAN TORCH FLIES!

YOU'VE BEEN
ASKING ME
TO EXPLAIN
MY METHOD
OF FLYING!
AND SO...

...BASICALLY, MY POWER
OF FLIGHT COMES FROM
MY INTENSE FLAME WHICH
AFFECTS THE MOLECULES
OF MY BODY SO THAT THEY
BECOME LIGHTER THAN
AIR, CAUSING ME TO BE
ABLE TO RISE AND SOAR!

AT LEAST ONCE A WEEK,
I TEST MY MANEUVRABILITY
BY FLYING THROUGH A PRACTICE
COURSE WHICH REED
DESIGNED FOR ME!

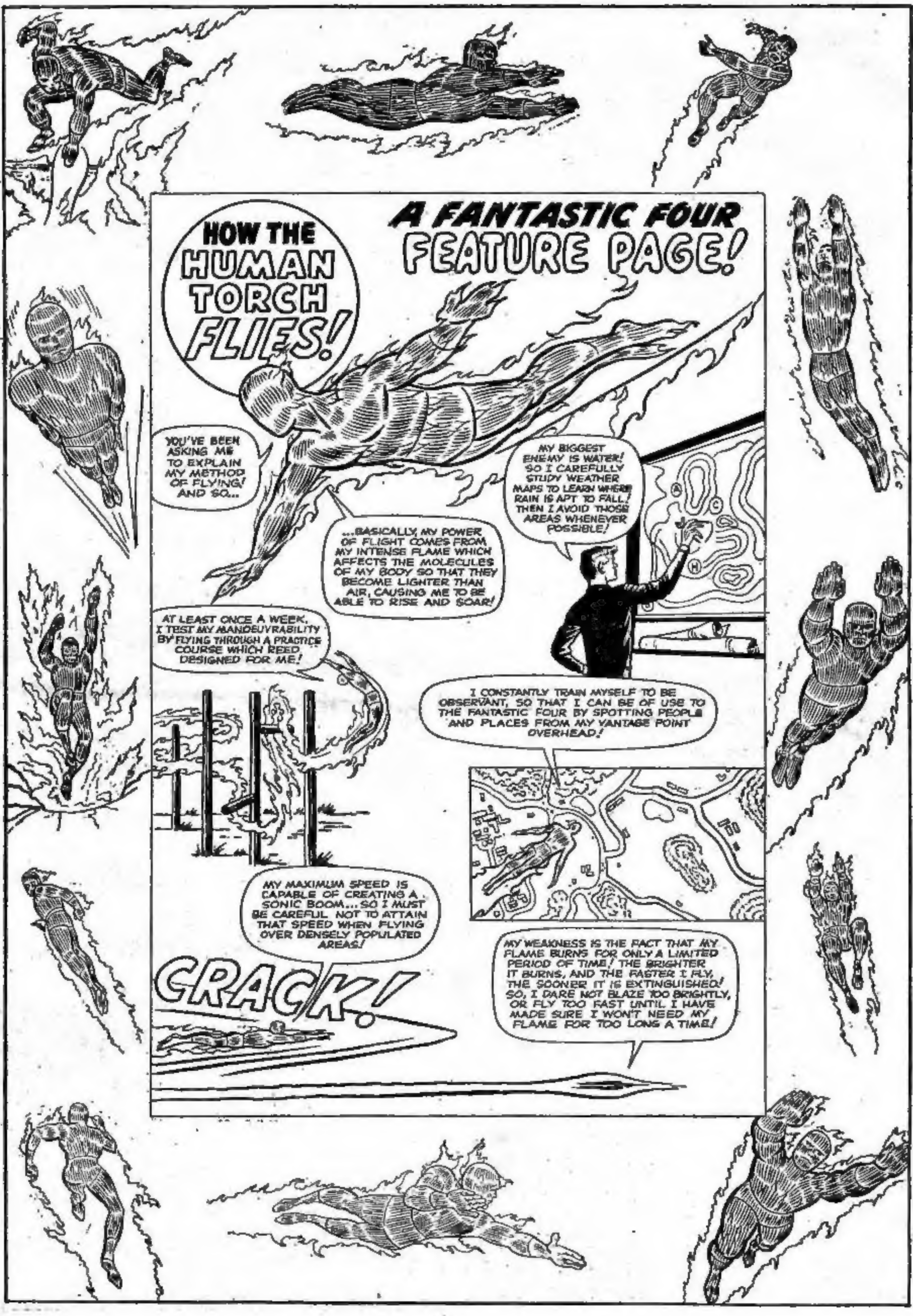
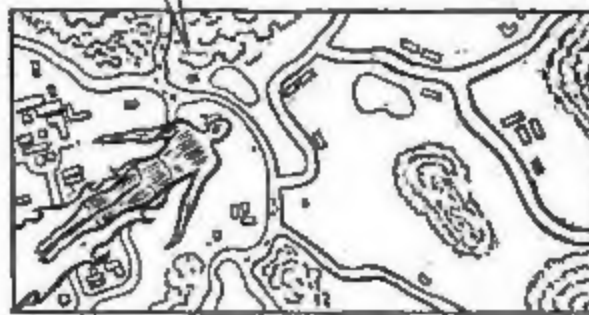
MY BIGGEST
ENEMY IS WATER!
SO I CAREFULLY
STUDY WEATHER
MAPS TO LEARN WHERE
RAIN IS APT TO FALL!
THEN I AVOID THOSE
AREAS WHENEVER
POSSIBLE!

I CONSTANTLY TRAIN MYSELF TO BE
OBSERVANT, SO THAT I CAN BE OF USE TO
THE FANTASTIC FOUR BY SPOTTING PEOPLE
AND PLACES FROM MY VANTAGE POINT
OVERHEAD!

MY MAXIMUM SPEED IS
CAPABLE OF CREATING A
SONIC BOOM... SO I MUST
BE CAREFUL NOT TO ATTAIN
THAT SPEED WHEN FLYING
OVER DENSELY POPULATED
AREAS!

MY WEAKNESS IS THE FACT THAT MY
FLAME BURNS FOR ONLY A LIMITED
PERIOD OF TIME! THE BRIGHTER
IT BURNS, AND THE FASTER I FLY,
THE SOONER IT IS EXTINGUISHED!
SO, I DARE NOT BLAZE TOO BRIGHTLY,
OR FLY TOO FAST UNTIL I HAVE
MADE SURE I WON'T NEED MY
FLAME FOR TOO LONG A TIME!

CRACK!





Help brighten our day, frantic ones, and send us a letter to: **POW-WOW, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.** And wait for it! If your letter is printed you win a genuine Spider-Man T-Shirt!

the name of the character whose brain Doc Morg put into his Artificial Man. But you have us worried here, Maxine. WE didn't know he really existed. We just picked on a NAME . . . and the name came out Ezzard Kunz. So any resemblance to the feller you know about . . . and the feller we DIDN'T have in mind is purely coincidental.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
In POW 59 when you answered Brian Green's letter you said that in that ish, The Cloak story featured a "harp-playing, beetle-winged demon." Well, I have TRIPLE checked and he's not there. . . .

Christopher Stevens,
London, S.E.20.

We'll have a QUADRUPLE check in POW 59, Christopher. But this time bear in mind we called this "bit player" a "harp - playing, Beetle - WIGGED demon" . . . not winged! And we checked back, too . . . he IS there . . . in the bottom right-hand corner of the big picture. Whewowow! Isn't it nice that we HAVEN'T made a boobie!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Can you tell me, please, why "Cloak" has such very big eyes. . . .
Barry Langford
(address please).

Dear Alf and Bart,
. . . One thing puzzles me and that is why does The Cloak have such HUGE eyes?

Gordon Millar,
Norfolk.

That's something else that lands . . . kerplunk . . . right on Mike Higg's doorstep. Darn it, we don't know, either.
Alf and Bart.

DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

**MY TWO FAVOURITE
FEATURES IN 'POW' ARE:**

1st Favourite.....

2nd Favourite.....

MY AGE IS..... DATE.....

Dear Alf and Bart,

I think it is unfair to have the F.F. fighting the X-Men because they are BOTH my favourite super-hero teams. In fact I had to omit reading one page because I just don't like seeing The Thing harming Beast and Cyclops fighting Reed. So in future couldn't you have the Fantastic Four fighting The Avengers or something? . . .

Alastair Wilson,
Blackham, Kent.

Sorry about the two super-teams falling out, Alastair. But as we think we've said somewhere before . . . that's the comics biz! But what is it you have against The Avengers, eh?!!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I have a brilliant idea. Why don't you have POW, WHAM, FANTASTIC, SMASH and TERRIFIC all joined up to make ONE BIG Power comic?

Philip Jewell,
Holsworthy, N. Devon.

Look, don't get us wrong, Philip. We definitely don't want to sound mercenary or cash-crazy or anything like that! But you see, it's like this . . . the more comics you Powerhouse and other folks buy, the more money we make . . . and, we have it on pretty good authority, that BASICALLY that's what us and the gurret are HERE for . . . to make money out of comics publishing. 'Course WED produce them just for fun, for absolutely no-cash FREE! But you'd be surprised . . . other people just don't see things the way WE do!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I think Lady Shady is a good partner for The Cloak (like Robin is for Batman). I also think "Experiment X" is great! And for those who don't know, Ezzard Kunz really did exist! And may I say a word for your advertisers . . . these reminders about one's health are a very good thing and I am sure it will persuade many parents to give up smoking. . . .

Maxine Trubody,
Bristol.

To save all you cats looking back through POW to check up on this Ezzard Kunz Maxine is talking about . . . he's

IT'S A KNOCKOUT!

That's what you and your friends will say about your fabulous, full-colour, Spidey-arted, geary SPIDER-MAN T-SHIRT!
AND IT CAN BE YOURS . . .



Just write us an interesting letter about POW! Tell us what you like — even what you don't like — about your favourite weekly! Make it a letter that other readers will want to read! If we publish it, then you get your SPIDEY T-SHIRT!

Just write to: **POW! 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2**

"FOR MY NEXT TRICK?"

THE MAGIC EASTER EGG

Here's an effective trick you can show the family on Easter morning. It's simple, but if you perform it correctly you'll make their eyes pop out like coat pegs!

SIMPLE PREPARATION

Punch a small, neat hole in each end of an ordinary chicken's-egg. Then remove the contents by blowing through one of the holes. (If the contents are caught in a glass the egg can still be used in the kitchen.)

Let the interior dry. Then fill the egg (through the holes, of course!) with multi-coloured confetti. Plug the ends of the shell with little pieces of paper. Then colour the egg red or green to look like the typical Easter boiled egg.

Now you are all set for a minor miracle. Before showing the trick, tuck the faked egg loosely in the cuff of your coat sleeve.

THE PERFORMANCE

First, show your hands empty. Then, make a grab at the air. The

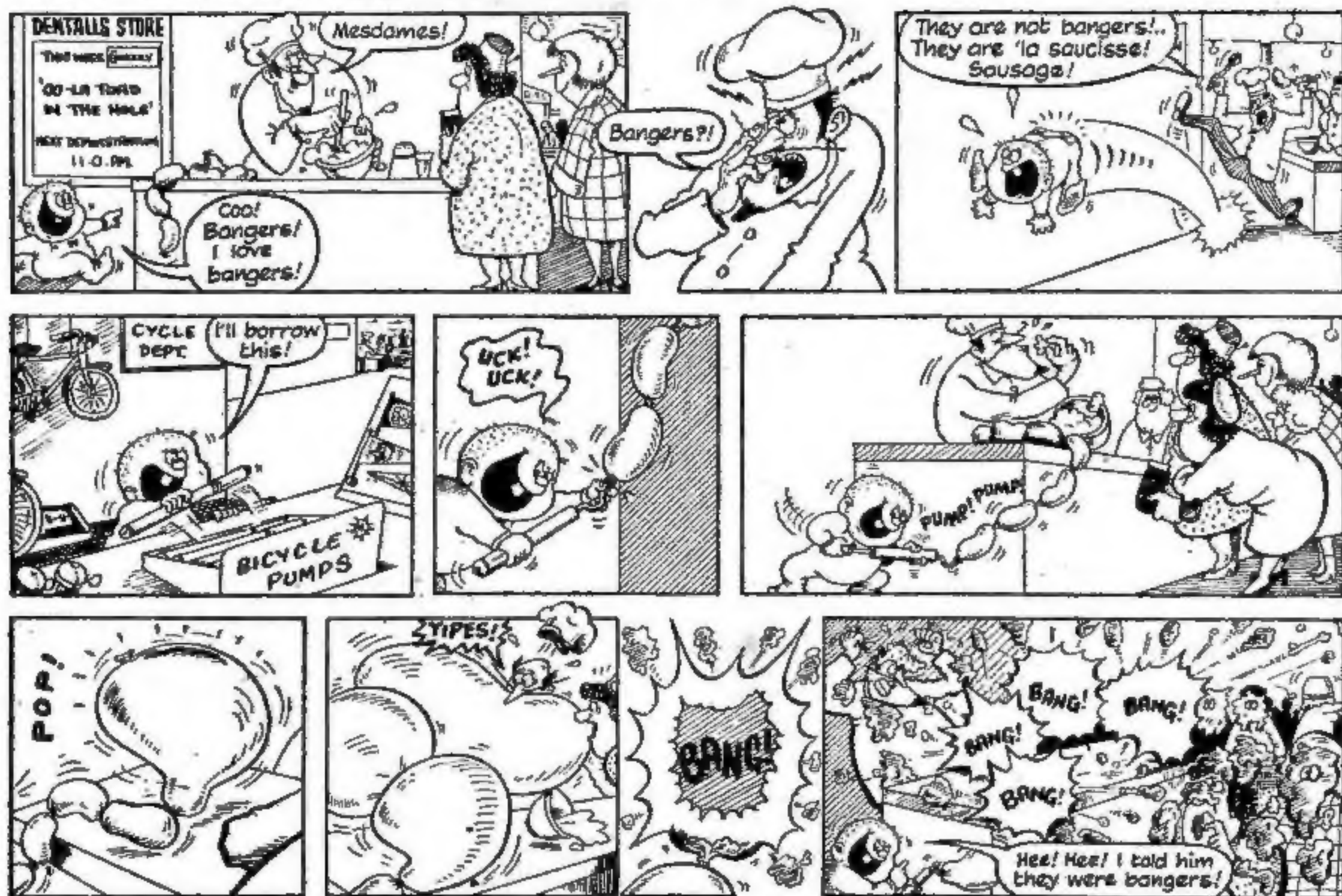
egg will shoot out of the cuff, and into your waiting palm. An egg has been produced from space! If you can also make a "Tuck, tuck, tuck" noise, the effect will be increased.

But that's not all. Hold the egg between both hands, and crush the eggshell into tiny fragments. Instead of the pulpy mess that is expected, the family sees a colourful rainfall of confetti!

P.S.

This effective trick should be practised a few times with a less fragile object, such as an empty cotton-reel. If you can't trust yourself to catch the egg, just place it in one of the egg-cups at the breakfast table while no-one is looking. Then just help yourself to Dad's egg (be sure it's the right one!)—and watch his face!

BABY WHAMSTER



NIGHT OF THE BATTLERS

YOUR
POW!
SHORT
STORY

BENNY WAS ON HIS WAY TO THE TOP! HE WAS GOOD! THE CRITICS KNEW IT; THE PUBLIC KNEW IT! THE ONLY TROUBLE WAS — **BENNY KNEW IT!**



WELL, YOU SAID YOU'D KAYO HIM IN THE FOURTH, BENNY! WAS IT A HARD FIGHT? AND WHAT ABOUT YOUR NEXT FIGHT AGAINST BRIAN CRAMPTON? HOW DO YOU THINK YOU'LL GET ON WITH HIM?

ARE YOU KIDDING? I DON'T KNOW WHY I BOTHERED TO TAKE OFF MY DRESSING GOWN! AS FOR CRAMPTON — TELL HIM TO HAVE HIS DOCTOR STANDING BY IN ROUND FIVE!

THE REPORTERS GATHER IN BENNY'S DRESSING ROOM...

JUST TELL YOUR READERS, THERE NEVER WAS A FIGHTER LIKE ME!

BOLONEY!



ALL EYES TURN ON THE LITTLE MAN IN THE CORNER...

HOW WOULD YOU KNOW, SHORTY? GET THIS NUT OUT OF HERE!

YOU WOULDN'T HAVE LASTED FIVE ROUNDS WITH SOME OF THE BARE-KNUCKLE BREED. THEY TALKED WITH THEIR FISTS — NOT WITH THEIR MOUTHS! A MAN LIKE MIKE LITBOW WOULD TAKE ON THREE OF YOUR SORT IN ONE EVENING!

BENNY PREPARES TO CELEBRATE HIS VICTORY...

O.K. BENNY! BUT DO ME A FAVOUR... CUT OUT THE BIG TALK! YOU'RE MAKING YOURSELF THE MOST DISLIKED BOXER IN THE BUSINESS!

I'M GOING BACK TO THE FLAT TO CHANGE FOR THE PARTY. SEE YOU AT THE CLUB IN ABOUT HALF AN HOUR!

BENNY IS DESTINED TO BE LATE FOR THE PARTY! ON THE WAY HOME...

I DON'T GET IT! WHY SHOULD IT SUDDENLY GO DEAD ON ME? THERE'S PLENTY OF PETROL... AH, THERE'S A FELLOW WITH A LIGHT... PERHAPS HE CAN CALL A GARAGE FOR ME.

HEY, YOU IN THE WOODS! COME HERE A MINUTE!



BUT THE MAN PLUNGES DEEPER INTO THE FOREST...



HEY! COME BACK! MY CAR'S BROKEN DOWN! I CAN DO WITH SOME HELP!

BENNY BURSTS INTO A CLEARING...



WHAT ON EARTH... WHAT'S GOING ON! WHO ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE? IF THIS IS SOME KIND OF TRICK...?

NO TRICK, BENNY! JUST A CHANCE FOR YOU TO PROVE YOUR WORDS! REMEMBER, "THERE NEVER WAS A FIGHTER LIKE ME"? WELL, LET'S SEE, SHALL WE?

BENNY IS THRUST INTO THE RING...



I'LL PULVERISE HIM! AND THEN YOU! NEXT!

YOU'RE THE MOST TEST, YOU SAID! I THINK YOU'RE JUST A BLABBER MOUTH - AND THERE'S THE FELLOW WHO'S GOING TO PROVE IT!

BENNY STRIDES CONFIDENTLY ACROSS THE TURF. BUT...



I'LL SHOW... AAAAH!

COME ON, MY LITTLE FIGHTING COCK! YOU'LL CATCH COLD IF YOU LIE ON THE DAMP GRASS!



THAT WAS A LUCKY PUNCH! BUT YOU'LL LIVE TO REGRET IT!

BENNY RUSHES IN AGAIN...



... NO ONE PUTS BENNY CARTER ON THE FLOOR AND SETS AWAY WITH IT!



YOU SEEM TO HAVE GOT YOURSELF ALL TIED UP IN KNOTS!

HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY FOR THE DAILY GLOBE, CHAMP?

BENNY REALISES HE HAS A FIGHT ON HIS HANDS - A REAL FIGHT...



THIS CHAP KNOWS HOW TO BOX! I'LL HAVE TO STRING HIM ALONG A LITTLE UNTIL HE WEAKENS...

BUT IT IS BENNY WHO IS GRATEFUL FOR THE REST AT THE END OF ROUND ONE...



TWO KNOCK DOWNS IN ONE ROUND, BENNY! TUT, TUT, YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE ENJOYING YOURSELF VERY MUCH!

MIDWAY THROUGH ROUND TWO BENNY CONNECTS WITH A JAB INTO THE STOMACH...



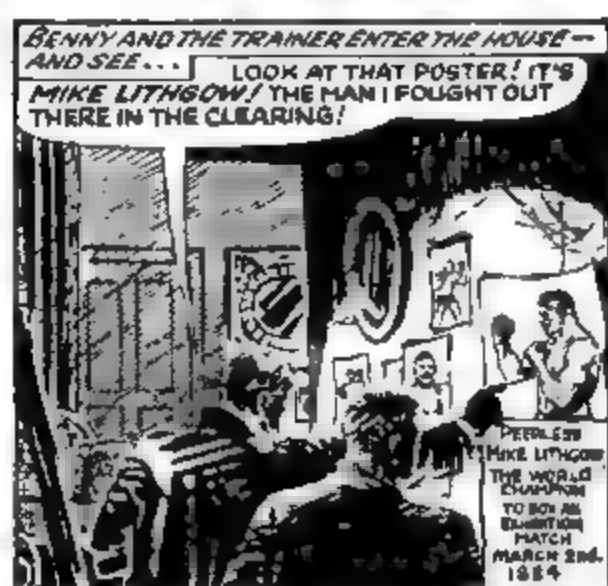
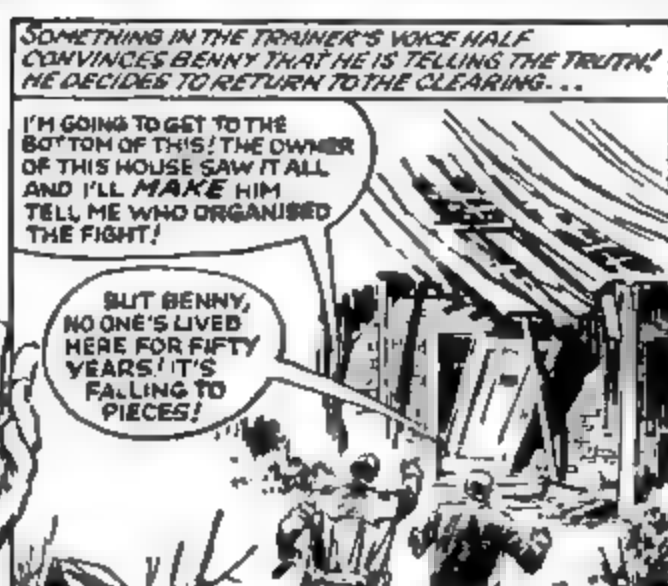
IT'S LIKE HITTING A BRICK WALL!

COME ON, SONNY! YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT!

WE SAID BENNY IS GOOD - BUT SO IS HIS OPPONENT...



THEY'VE GONE SEVENTEEN ROUNDS AND NOW THAT BENNY'S USING HIS HEAD AND STOPPED RUSHING IN LIKE A BULL THERE'S NOT SO MUCH TO CHOOSE BETWEEN THEM!



news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

FRAID we can't produce any EGGS for you! Chicken or chocolate! That's not the biz we're in! But in our symbolic way we have manufactured our own brand of Easter Offering! THREE of them, in fact. Shelled with our usual style of carefully cooked-up coveted covers. Inwardly just packed with a feast of Power brand goodies! Like... action epics to really get your teeth into!... Tummy-clutchin' funnies!... King-size repasts for all you tigers who hunger for the BEST in super-hero sagas!...

SO, LET'S SKIM DOWN THE MENU! In FANTASTIC, this week, the AVENGERS pitch in to yet another addition to our gallery of immortal villainy... who activates, ostentatiously perhaps, under the title of THE KEEPER OF THE FLAME! And, for the first time, HERCULES muscled in (and literally, we mean!) into the domain of the NORSE gods... and Thunder God THOR!

SMASH-wise, RUBBERMAN stretches fantasy-action to the limit when faced by the menacing mental machinations of MESMO... whilst BRIAN and his BRAIN run smack up against the malevolent DOCTOR MARAX. In POW! the grinnin' GREEN GOBLIN (and what a favourite HE is with all you super-baddle fanciers) guest-stars with a new villain THE CRIME-MASTER to get our SPIDEY climbing up the wall. That HIT-humour-hero THE CLOAK kicks off on another brand-new caper. Which has a special Easter tie-in to it!... as have all the funnies in POW! this week! So tack you in, Power-housers!... To a bull-pen banquet!... Specially created and stirred by some of the most dedicated

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

David Davis, London, W1; Stephen Marshall, Bootle, Liverpool 20; Colin Martin, Dundee, Scotland; Brian Burton, Aintree, Liverpool 9; Alan McIntosh, Bishop's Stortford, Herts.; Vincent Connolly, Birkenhead, Cheshire; Peter Roseberry, Stevenage, Herts.; Steven Crawford, Blackpool, Lancs.; John Maltezon, Wadhurst, Sussex; James Kehoe, Birkenhead, Cheshire; Gary Langston, High Wycombe, Bucks; Martin Davis, Loughton, Essex; Robert Woodward, King's Norton, Birmingham; William Brown, Ballingry, Fife; Roger Courtinell, Ellesmere Port, Cheshire; Avtar Singh, Southall, Middx.; William Teo Boon Tat, Kuala Trengganu, Malaysia; Timothy Ellis, Boreham Wood, Herts.; Stephen Craig, Aldridge, Staffs.; Ken Simpson, Darlington, Co. Durham.

chefs in the comics kingdom!... Solely to give YOU a super-swinging HOLIDAY! WITHOUT laying a single EGG!... well, not the kind WE mean, anyhow! STILL ON THE SUBJECT OF EASTER. While you Brethren are reading these imperishable words and most of us editorializing Power-housers are sittin' around looking lost because the garret's all barred and locked up for the holiday... spare a kindly, sympathetic thought for BIG BOLD BART! On a sudden whim (we use those for transport around the garret) BART packed toothbrush, beret and some back issues of Power for reading matter and took himself off to PARIS! Poor feller! Imagine having to browse gently up the quaint slopes of Montmartre to the blue-skied roof of the City of Light....

meandering to the twish of the dappled Seine... idling through philosophies of life at canopied sidewalk cafes... and chestnuts and blossoms and wine as cheap as water.....!! He doesn't know the risk he's taking. Think of the shock when he comes back, blithe as a stroll down the Bois De Boulogne, to the frenetic racket of the garret... Think of the switch from musings on existentialism to the mixed-up madness of passing pages of Power! THE REST OF US haven't been so foolish! Huh! HE'LL be sorry! We're just thankful WE didn't let our hearts rule our minds! WE'RE the lucky ones! Course our wise old feller says we're just saying all this because we're jealous! Jealous??!! Welllllll.....!!



Make the scene with a

tonibell MINIBALL
The fun way to eat ice cream!

Ask for the Tonibell MINIBALL in these popular colours—red, white, blue, green, yellow and orange*. Take off the removable top—dig into the ice cream inside. Oh boy, how you'll enjoy the creamy lusciousness of Tonibell's famous ice cream! Now place the top back onto the empty MINIBALL and you've a smashing ball to play with. Rounders, football, cricket... the Tonibell MINIBALL will give you loads of fun.

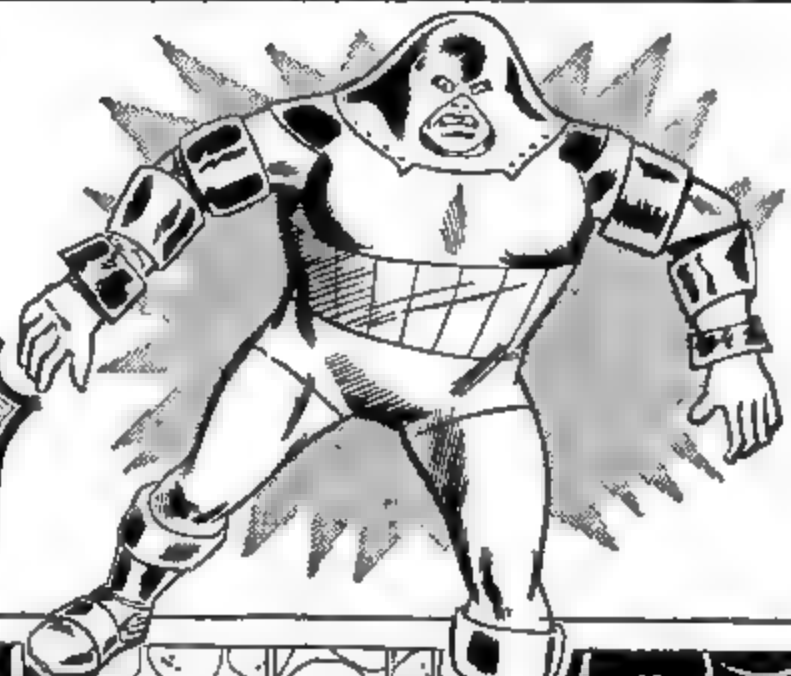
From all shops
and news with the Tonibell
MINIBALL sign



*Collect your first
set of Tonibell
MINIBALL colours now!

the X-MEN

THE X-MEN, THAT MOST UNUSUAL FIGHTING TEAM OF ALL TIME, ARE ABOUT TO BE PITCHED INTO BATTLE WITH THEIR GREATEST FOE! FOR, IN A DEEP CHAMBER OF PROFESSOR X'S SCHOOL...



MY EVIL STEP-BROTHER - CAIN MARKO!!

HE WHO-- IN THE FORM OF A HUMAN ENDING OF DESTRUCTION CAME CLOSEST TO CRUSHING THE MUTANT GROUP WHICH IS MY LIFE'S MONUMENT!

FOR MONTHS-- EVER SINCE OUR LAST VIOLENT ENCOUNTER-- HE HAS BEEN IN THIS COMATOSE STATE!



FOR MONTHS I'VE LABOURED IN SECLUSION ON THIS ENERGO-TRANSFORMER TEMPERING MY OWN SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE WITH ALCHEMICAL STUDIES OF THE LEGENDARY DEMON KNOWN AS... CYTTOBAK!

NOW, IF MY CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT, A MERE TOUCH OF A SWITCH SHALL DRAIN MY STEP-BROTHER OF THE AWESOME POWER WHICH COURSES THROUGH HIM--

--AND SEND IT BACK TO THE NAMELESS MOUND BETWEEN THE DIMENSIONS WHERE DWELLS THE SINISTER CYTTOBAK HIMSELF!

THEN, WHEN THE JUGGERNAUT IS NO MORE PERHAPS I CAN CURE THE EMBITTERED MIND OF CAIN MARKO!



SCANT SECONDS LATER, AFTER AN INSTANT'S HESITATION-- A FATEFUL SWITCH IS ACTIVATED AND...

THE TRANSFORMER IS WORKING!

ALREADY, I CAN FEEL MY MENTAL ENERGY FLOWING THROUGH IT, AND MEETING THE SAVAGE HOSTILITY THAT LIES IN CAIN'S DORMANT BRAIN!



SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING--

SOMETHING'S... GONE WRONG! I CAN SENSE SOME NEW, POWERFUL ALIEN FORCE ENTERING CAIN'S MIND-- ADDING TO HIS OWN NATURAL RESISTANCE!

YET, THE MACHINE HAS BEEN PROGRAMMED ONLY TO HANDLE THE SUCH MENTAL FORCES!

I CAN'T STAND THE STRAIN OF A THIRD--



BUT, BEFORE EVEN THE ALERT BRAIN OF PROFESSOR X CAN REACT--



THEN, FOR MINUTES THAT SEEM AN ENDLESS ETERNITY, THE REINFORCED LABORATORY IS FILLED WITH SWIRLING SMOKE AND BLINDING, SEARING FLAMES--

AND, AS THE AIR BEGINS TO CLEAR-- A STRIDENT, TRIUMPHANT ROAR RESOUNDS THROUGHOUT THE GRAY CHAMBER--

I'M FREE-- FREE!!

I DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED-- BUT NOTHING, AND NO ONE SHALL EVER AGAIN HALT THE JUGGERNAUT!

OKAY, YOU'VE HAD A GLIMPSE OF WHAT AWAITS YOU, FRANTIC ONES! THE BACKGROUND OF THIS NEW BATTLE OF THE TITANS! NOW, SEE THE X-MEN IN THEIR GREATEST BUEL EVER, WITH THE

JUGGERNAUT

IN
FANTASTIC

NOW

9d

DAVY



OKAY SEE N AS HOW YOU LOT SEEM
TO HAVE T DND H CAPM M
EASER ABC. REMIN DARS N, IVE
SENT MYSELF ONE IT SAYS -
"DEAR ME, - BARE YOU TO EMPTY
THE CREAM FROM BAR'S S EASY FOR
AND RE FILL IT WITH A QUB SOAP
YOURS SINCERELY,
ME"

ENCOURAGE HIM TO
GET IN TROUBLE!
(I'M
GLORIOUSLY
ROTTEN!

THIS IS JUST IN CASE YOU WERE
CONSIDERING MAKING A FURTHER
ATTEMPT TO DISGUISE HIM FROM
HIS OWN DAUGHTER

NAME: MARY ELLEN
MAY: 1958
BIRTH: 1958

44-38861-1000

GOSH!
HE'S GOT
KIDNAPED
ME!
IT'S HIS OWN
DARE.

CRACKLE



BIATT



MA HARR! HEH-HEH! THAT FOREMAN'S
FACE, WHEN I SNATCHED THIS GIANT SOAP
SACKET!

I'M WICKED! EVIL. NOT FIT TO EXPRESS MY INNER THOUGHTS IN PICTURES FOR MODERN YOUNG LADIES TO SEE

SWIFT

P.M. NOT

FIRST, I'LL ATONE
FOR MA WICKEDNESS
BY CLEANING THE FLOOR
OF 64 BOM THEN
WHEN I'VE REPENTED
I'LL BE ONE A MISSION-
ARY AMONG THE TRIBES
OF CENTRAL JAMAICA!
(508B)

POW'S GAVE
CENSOR
SLAPPED THIS
ON THE
LIST OF THE
PAGE AND HAS
NOW FLED
THE COUNTRY
IN MYSTERY.

CERTIFICATE

WHILE GARY IS ON HIS WICKED WAY, HERE'S HOW THE MACHINE OPERATES: FEED A READER'S DARE INTO IT, AND IT WILL COMPUTE A GHOSTLY IMAGE OF HIS "INNER BAD-SELF" ON TO THE SCREEN. STAND BEFORE IT, IN MINDEN, AND IT WILL REFLECT THAT IMAGE BACK AT YOU. THIS RECENTLY RESULTED IN THREATS AT THE SHOW OFFICE, POLICE

- AND I
THEY SA
-WAN-

HOPE
IT ME!
M-M! FERTILIZER

BUT, KAMTEH IS DESTINED NEVER TO REACH THE TRIBES OF THE CENTRAL CONGOLEND, FOR OUR NEARLY TWENTY MILES BACK TO LONDON FROM THE SOAP FACTORY, AND WAS NOW ARRIVED, TO ELIN BART'S BATHING.

TAKE MA WAC
I DON'T DESERVE SUCH
A LUXURY SO AS EXTRA
PENANCE, I'LL SUCK UP
THE BEST OF
THE DIRT
IN THE BAR
MOUTH

RECORDS LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF
THE UNSUSPECTING VICTIM - BART.

SEE NEW ADS
WITH THE TEAM THEN
IN WITH THE SOAP

MEANWHILE, FROM OUT IN THE CORRIDOR BARRY'S
EGG IS BEING WELL-AND-TRULY TAMPERED WITH.

5000 * 5.25 = 26250
 A LOT OF CASH

BLOO

SLOW

GLORIOUS

YIPPEE!

DID IT!

UNFORTUNATELY, FOR DAYE HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL HAS OTHER THINGS TO DO "MANFLAP ACCIDENTS OFFER CHANCE THAT THE CREAM-CLOTTED BLOT MIGHT PULL A STUNT LIKE THIS," FROM A SECOND-FLOOR WINDOW.

—WHILE, FORTUNATELY, TWO PICTURES HAVE BEEN OMITTED, HERE, AS TOO HORRIFIC; ESPECIALLY THE ONE SHOWING KING FRACTURING A GAS MAIN WITH HIS FRONT TEETH.

BUT UP IN THE CREAM-
DODGED CORRAL -

MA TONTS ARE
LEARNED G & G!
SOCKS ARE AN' TO
TAKE UP MA PEN AND

AND SO, SLINGING AS DE HIS SACK CLOTH AND DOWNING
A SMOCK AND SPOONING, HARMED WITH THEM, TACKLES IN HIS MOUTH
AGAIN, STARTING WITH DAVE, AFTER CLOSING UP THE
PAVEMENT WITH A PALETTE-
-KICK.

EVERY WEEK, I SHALL MAKE MYSELF TO PAKE TO THE BULVARD TO MAKE MY LEE MORRIS.

R HEN!

HOLEY MOLE!

A JOKE BECOMES A NIGHTMARE OF PERIL!

WHILST DOCTOR MORG, THE SCIENTIFIC GENIUS OF F.E.A.R. (THE FEDERATION FOR EXTRA-ORDINARY AND ALIEN RESEARCH) IS EXPERIMENTING WITH A METEORITE, HE IS SUDDENLY CAUGHT IN A WEIRD RADIANCE UNLEASHED BY MORG'S CRY ATTRACTED BY THE ALIEN STARS ASS STANTS RUSH INTO THE LABORATORY, UNAWARE THAT THEIR DREADED 'ASTER HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A MIDGET, ONLY SIX INCHES TALL!

EXPERIMENT X



THWART!

AYEEEEE!

LOOK BEHIND THE BENCHES! MORG MUST BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE...

TOO LATE, THE MINIATURE MORG TRIES TO AVOID THE ONRUSHING FOOT OF A SEARCHING ASSISTANT!

STRUGGLING FROM A FRAGMENT OF COTTON WASTE, WHICH HAS CUSHIONED THE IMPACT OF HIS TINY BODY...

FOODDLS! YOU ALMOST STOOD ON ME! I'M DOWN HERE... AT YOUR FEET! DOWN HERE!

BUT MORG'S FAINT, PIPING VOICE IS LOST IN THE BUSTLE OF THE SEARCH...

THAT'S FUNNY... THERE'S NO SIGN OF HIM! MAYBE MORG'S HAD AN ACCIDENT, AND HAS REPORTED TO THE CASUALTY-SECTION!

BUT, I... I'M CERTAIN I HEARD HIM CRY OUT—JUST A SECOND AGO!

HEY! LOOK AT THE METEORITE...

IT LOOKS... SMALLER—AS IF ITS MASS HAS BEEN REDUCED BY A SUDDEN LOSS OF ENERGY!

DON'T TOUCH IT! YOU'LL ONLY GIVE MORG AN EXCUSE FOR SAYING THAT WE SABOTAGED HIS EXPERIMENT!

HIM AND HIS INFERNAL EXPERIMENTS! THEY GIVE ME THE CREEPS! IF I COULD GET A TRANSFER FROM F.E.A.R., I'D GO TOMORROW!

WHAT'S THAT?

THE TINY MORG SUDDENLY FORGETS HIS PLIGHT, AS HIS UNSUSPECTING STAFF BEGIN TO VENT THEIR FEELINGS!

WELL, WELL! SO THIS IS HOW THEY SPEAK OF ME WHEN I'M OUT OF EAR-SHOT...

SOMETIMES, I WISH HE'D BLOW HIMSELF UP, AND LEAVE US ALL IN PEACE!

DON'T SAY THAT! HE'D PROBABLY COME BACK AND HAUNT US!

YES...OUT OF SHEER SPITE! NO WONDER THEY CALL HIM 'MORDED MORG'!

HAVE YOU HEARD THE RUMOUR THAT HE'S REALLY A ROBOT?

I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED! NO HUMAN BEING COULD BE SO COLD, AND HEARTLESS!

I NEVER REALISED THEY HATED ME SO MUCH HEH, HEH! THIS MAY PROVE VERY USEFUL ONCE I REGAIN MY NORMAL SIZE...

SUMMONING HIS FANTASTIC STRENGTH THE MASTER OF F.E.A.R. BEGINS TO CLIMB A DANGLING TELEPHONE-CABLE...

I MUST GET CLOSER!... SO THAT I CAN HEAR EVERY INSULT THAT MY 'LOYAL' MINIONS CAST UPON MY NAME!

...UNTIL HE REACHES A DRAWER OF HIS DESK WHICH IS PARTLY OPEN!



WHAT A SHOCK THEY WILL GET WHEN I CONFRONT THEM WITH THIS CONVERSATION... WORD FOR MUTINOUS WORD!

BUT MORG IS IN FOR A DISAPPOINTMENT!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE COMES BACK! FOR ALL WE KNOW THE OLD FIEND MAY HAVE BUGGED THE PLACE!



WAIT A MINUTE, YOU CHAPS!

ONE OF THE ASSISTANTS IS MUCH MORE DARING THAN HIS COMPANIONS!

IT'S ABOUT TIME WE GAVE MORG SOME OF HIS OWN MEDICINE... INSTEAD OF JUST TALKING ABOUT IT!



HARRY! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT FERRET?



I'LL BET YOU HATE HIM AS MUCH AS WE DO, EH, BOY? YOU'D JUST LOVE TO GET YOUR CLAWS ON OUR COLD-HEARTED BOSS!



WELL, NOW I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE CHANCE!

HUUUUH?

...BEFORE DR. MORG CAN MOVE, THE DRAWER HE OCCUPIES IS JERKED OPEN!



IN YOU GO, MY BEAUTY!

N-NO, YOU FOOL... STOP! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M—?

BUT ONCE AGAIN THE MIDGET'S FRANTIC CRY IS UNHEARD!



THERE! WHEN OLD MORBID OPENS THAT DRAWER, HE'LL GET THE FRIGHT OF HIS LIFE! HAH! HAH! HAH!

WOW! LET'S GO...!

THUNK!

A SECOND LATER, DOCTOR MORG IS ALONE...



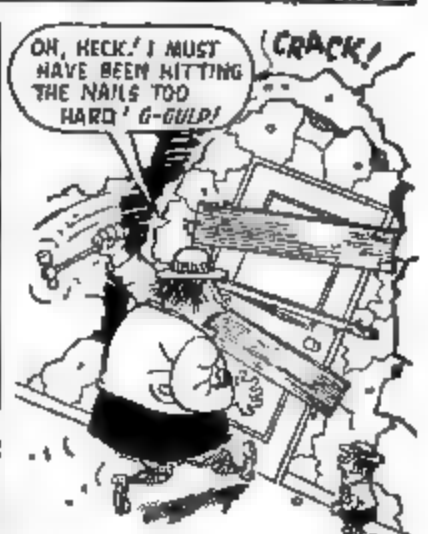
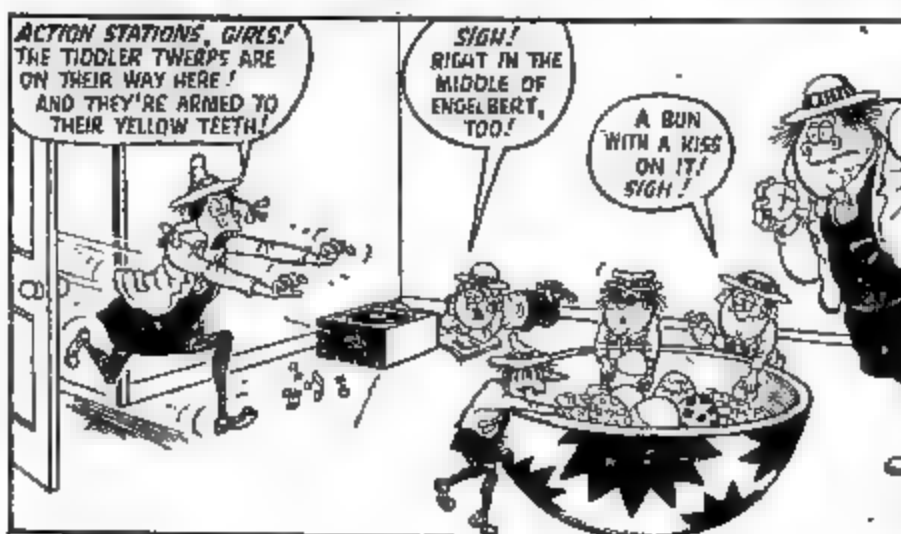
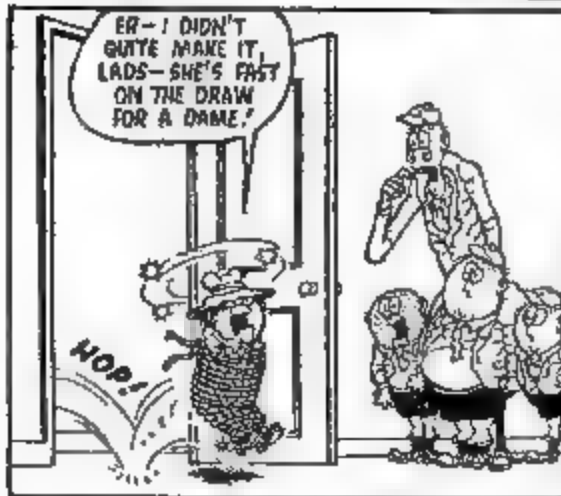
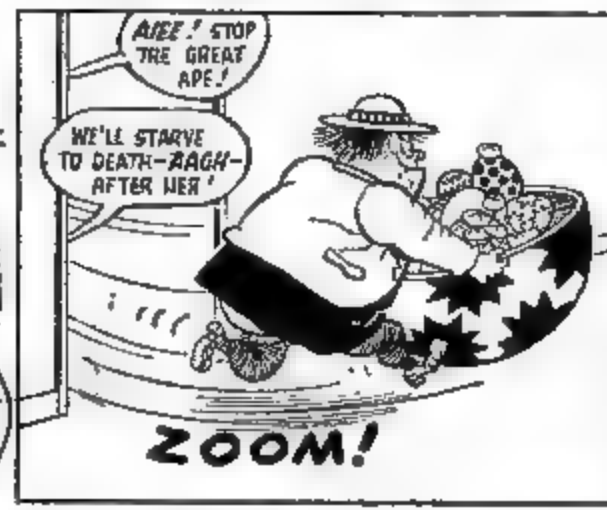
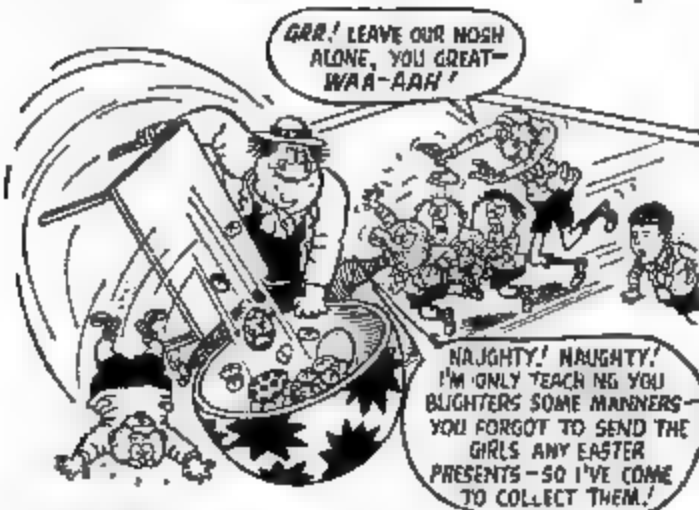
UAAAH! S-SHOOD! GET BACK... KEEP AWAY!

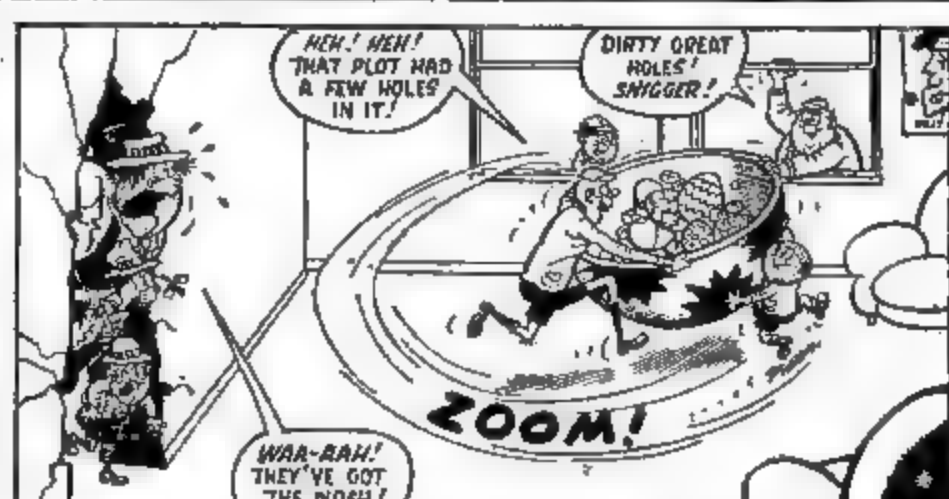
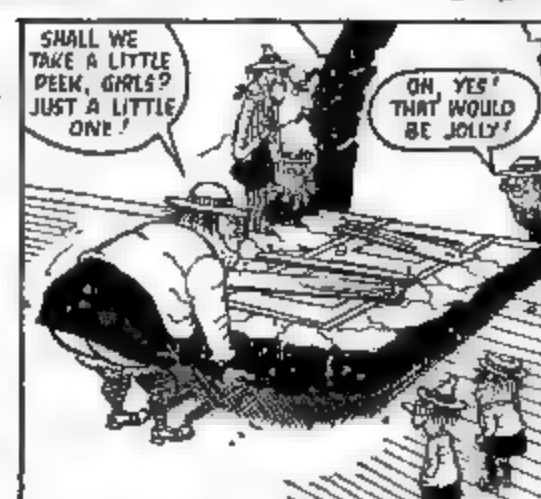
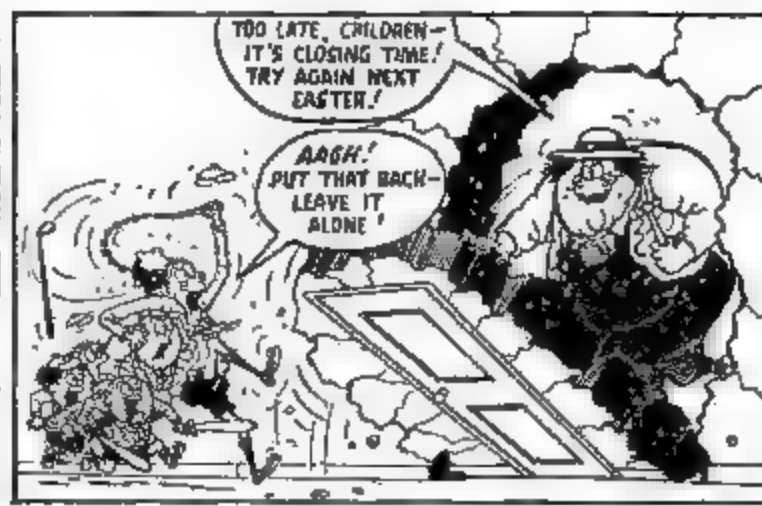
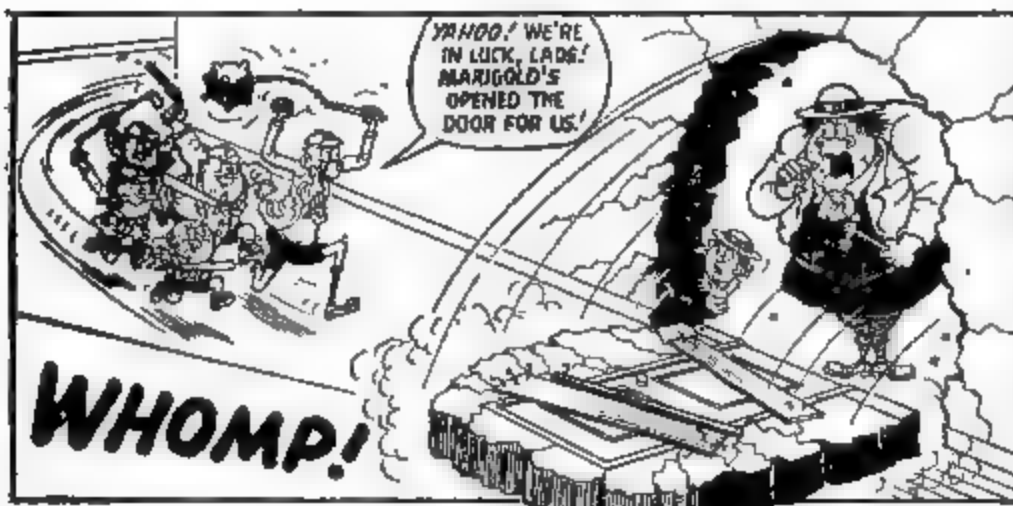
HHHSSSSS!

TRAPPED IN SEMI-DARKNESS WITH ONE OF THE MOST VICIOUS CREATURES ON EARTH! CAN HE ESCAPE? FIND OUT—NEXT WEEK!

THE GREAT NOSH ROBBERY! IT'S A FEAST OF FUN!

THE TIDDLERS and the DOLLS





THE MOST WANTED MAN IN THE WORLD... MEETS THE MENACE OF THE MASTER!

THE TWO FACES OF JANUS

BECAUSE OF THE EVIL FACE CURSED UPON HIM BY A JUNGLE WITCHDOCTOR, REPORTER CLIFF ADAM IS WRONGLY ACCUSED OF MANY CRIMES... AND AS JANUS, BECOMES THE MOST WANTED MAN IN THE WORLD. CLIFF HIDES HIS EVIL FEATURES BEHIND SPECIAL FILM MASKS... BUT HE BECOMES JANUS AGAIN WHEN HE ATTEMPTS TO RESCUE THE DAUGHTER OF A FRIENDLY SCIENTIST FROM THE CASTLE OF THE MASTER. BUT THE MASTER RELEASES A GIANT EAGLE...



IT'S GIGANTIC!
AND IT'S COMING SO
FAST! THERE'S NO TIME
TO RUN!... NO TIME
TO SHOOT...!

THEN THE
MIGHTY TALONS
HOOK, AND...



CAN'T...MOVE!
IT'S FLYING AWAY...
WITH ME...!

INSIDE THE BLACK CASTLE, THE MASTER AND MEPHISTO WATCH JANUS'S FLIGHT...



THE EAGLE HAS HIM NOW, MASTER!
HE IS AS GOOD AS DEAD!

YES, MEPHISTO! BUT
I STILL WONDER...
WHO IT WAS...!

BUT ENOUGH OF HIM **WHOEVER** HE WAS! GET THE GIRL! I SHALL COMMAND HER TO WRITE A MESSAGE FOR HER FATHER...



...WE SHALL YET HAVE
PROFESSOR PALCHI
BACK UNDER OUR
CONTROL!



MEANWHILE...



IF I CAN JUST
GET ONE ARM FREE...
IF I CAN ONLY
MANAGE TO...

I'VE
DONE
IT!

PROFESSOR PALCHI'S
**GRAVITY
ELIMINATOR!**
IT'S MY ONLY
CHANCE...



AS SOON AS THE ACTIVATING SWITCH IS
MOVED...

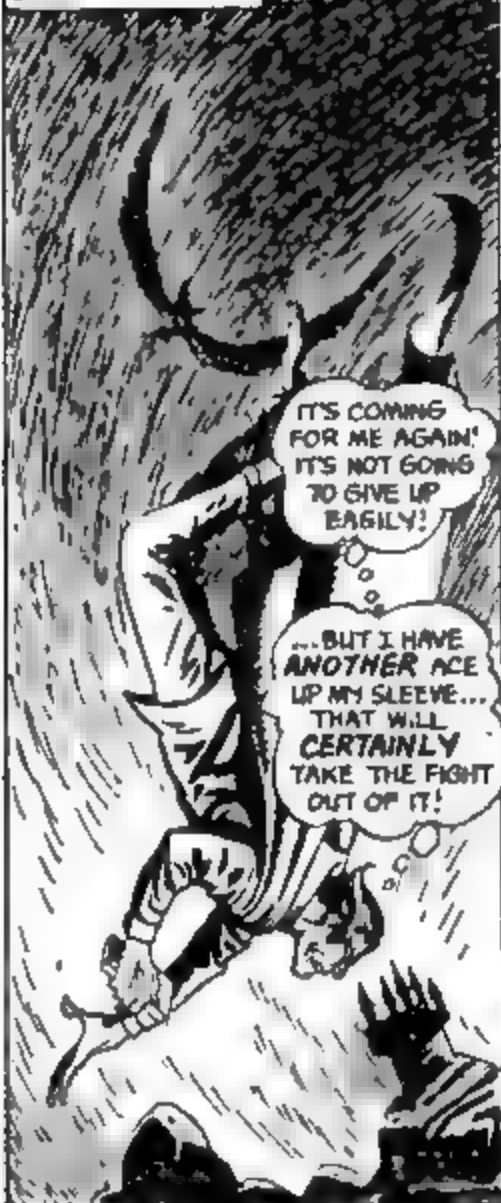


IT'S WORKING!
ALREADY THIS
MONSTER...AND
I...HAVE BECOME
WEIGHTLESS!
IT'S SCARED! IT'S
RELAXING ITS
GRIP ON
ME...!

NOW TO EASE
OVER THE SWITCH.
GRADUALLY... SO
THAT THE GRAVITY
PULL RETURNS
SLOWLY... EASING
ME GENTLY BACK
TO THE GROUND!



EVEN AS JANUS FLOATS
BACK TO EARTH...



IT'S COMING
FOR ME AGAIN!
IT'S NOT GOING
TO GIVE UP
EASILY!

...BUT I HAVE
ANOTHER ACE
UP MY SLEEVE...
THAT WILL
CERTAINLY
TAKE THE FIGHT
OUT OF IT!

FROM THE TWO RINGS ON JANUS'S
FINGERS, LIGHT BEAMS STRIKE
WITH NUMBING IMPACT.



TAKE A REST,
BIG FELLER!
YOU'RE INTERFERING
WITH MORE URGENT
BUSINESS.

I'LL USE THE GRAVITY
ELIMINATOR AGAIN! TO
GET TO THE CASTLE.
AND AVOID BEING
SEEN AGAIN!



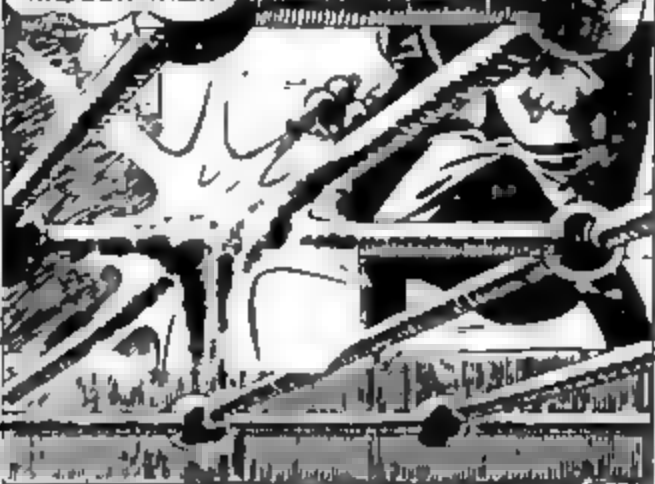
SECONDS LATER...

SO FAR SO GOOD!
BUT NOW I HAVE
TO GET *INSIDE*!
THERE MUST BE
A DOOR OR...



...AH,
AN IRON
GRILL!
THAT WILL
DO!

AND IRON BARS ARE NO
PROBLEM! NOT WHEN I
HAVE MY LASER GUN...
TO MELT A WAY
THROUGH THEM!



BUT IN THE GREAT ROOM
BELOW, THE MASTER
STIFFENS, EVERY
NERVE TENSE...



THIS *SIXTH SENSE* I
POSSESS... THAT HAS
WARNED ME SO OFTEN
OF DANGER! IT WARNS
ME NOW!

DANGER IS HERE, AND
CLOSE! SOMEONE HAS
ENTERED THE CASTLE!

BUT I AM PREPARED FOR
ANY DANGER... FOR ANY
ENEMY! MY BRAIN, MY *SIXTH*
SENSE, IS NOT MY *ONLY*
DEFENCE! I HAVE WEAPONS
TO MEET EVERY POSSIBLE
CRISIS... *SUCH AS THIS!*



GREEN GAS HISSES FREE...



I AM PROTECTED BY THE
SPECIAL FILTERS I HAVE
PLACED IN MY NOSTRILS...
BUT WHATEVER IT IS *UP*
THERE WILL NOT BE SO
EQUIPPED!

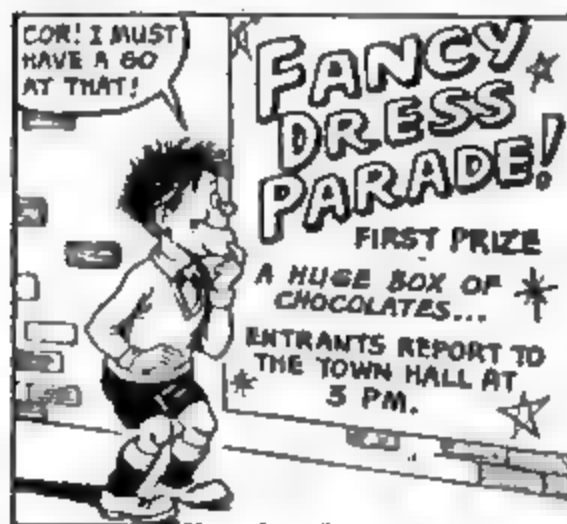
THE GAS RISES, SEEPING
THROUGH EVERY CRACK...
AND...



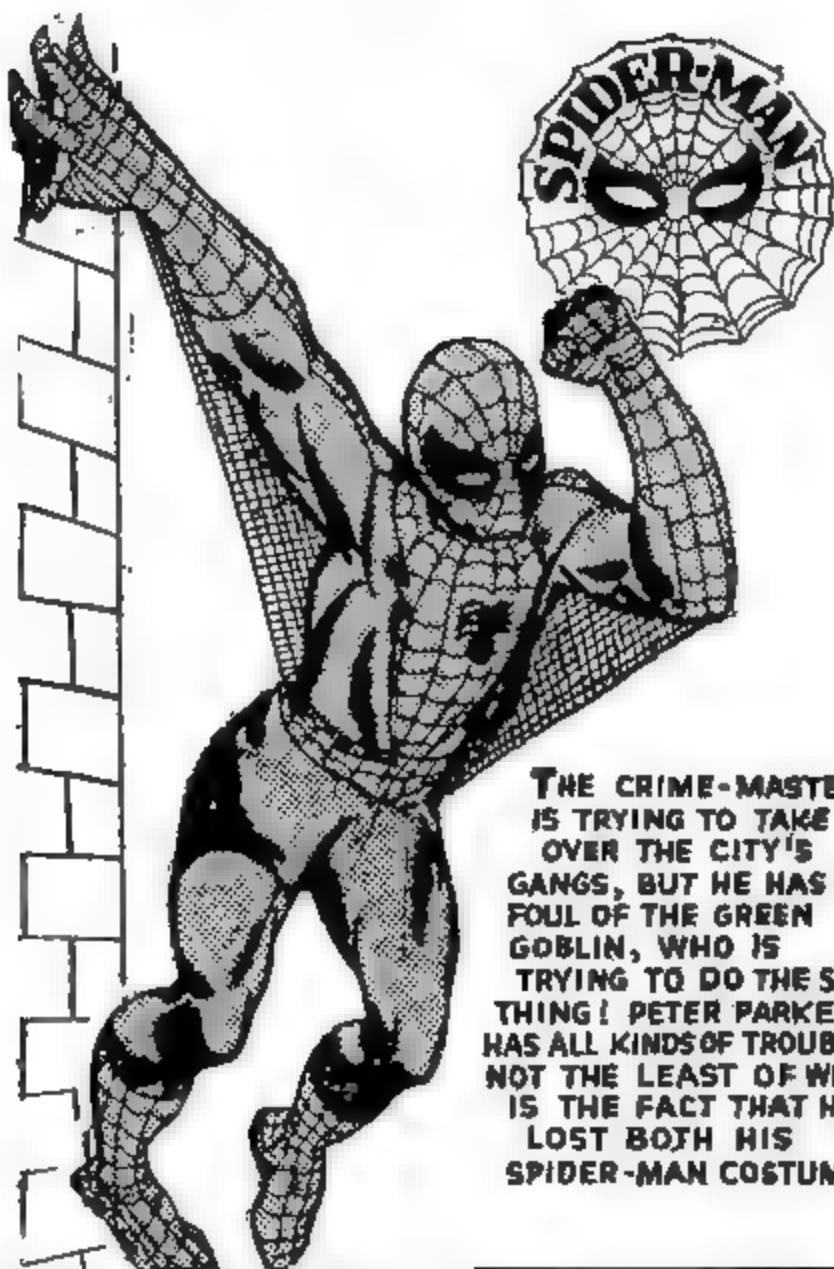
MY, MY HEAD!...
SPINNING! I'M
GROWING... WEAKER...
BLACKING OUT!

NEXT WEEK: AT THE MERCY OF THE MASTER!

WHEN IT'S EASTER TIME IN GEORGIE'S EAR - WHO'NOSE WHAT'LL HAPPEN?







THE MYSTERY OF "THE MAN IN The CRIME-MASTER'S MASK!"

THE CRIME-MASTER IS TRYING TO TAKE OVER THE CITY'S GANGS, BUT HE HAS RUN FOUL OF THE GREEN GOBLIN, WHO IS TRYING TO DO THE SAME THING! PETER PARKER HAS ALL KINDS OF TROUBLES, NOT THE LEAST OF WHICH IS THE FACT THAT HE'S LOST BOTH HIS SPIDER-MAN COSTUMES!

BUT WHOEVER HEARD OF A SUPER-HERO WITHOUT A COSTUME! AND SO PETER COMES UP WITH THE ANSWER!



YOU SAY YOU'RE INTERESTED IN THAT SPIDER-MAN OUTFIT? I CAN LET YOU HAVE IT CHEAP! THERE'S NOT MUCH CALL FOR IT LATELY!



OKAY, SON... SUT YOURSELF! ...NO FUN INTENDED! SHALL I WRAP IT UP, OR WILL YOU WEAR IT OUT?

WRAP IT UP! I'M NOT REALLY LIKELY TO GO SWINGING ALL OVER TOWN IN IT!



LIKELY OR NOT, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT OUR GLIB-TONGUED ADVENTURER INTENDS TO DO...

LUCKILY THEY MAKE THESE THINGS OUT OF THOSE NEW STRETCH FABRICS NOWADAYS, SO ONE SIZE FITS ALMOST ANY-BODY!

AND NOW, AT LAST I CAN PICK UP THE SIGNALS FROM MY LITTLE GIZMO AND INVESTIGATE FREDERICK FOSWELL!



WOW-BEE! IT SURE FEELS GOOD TO BE BACK IN ACTION AGAIN! I FEEL LIKE AN EAGLE WHO'S BEEN LET OUT OF A CAGE!

I MIGHT AS WELL FACE IT... BEING SPIDER-MAN IS JUST PLAIN HABIT-FORMING! IT'S LIKE GOING OUT WITH GIRLS! I CAN'T GIVE IT UP!



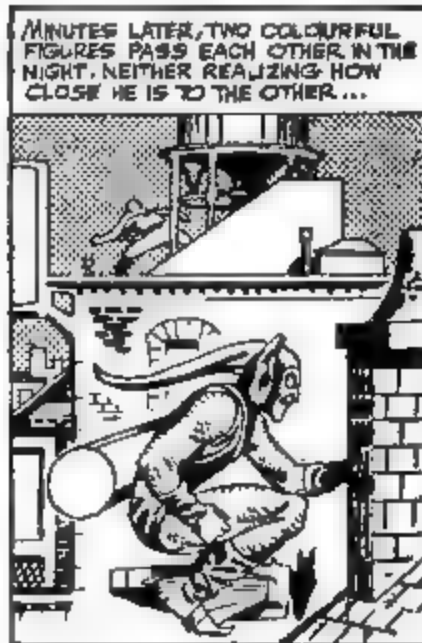
BUT THEN... UH-OH! IT LOOKS LIKE THEY PUT TOO MUCH STRETCH IN THESE STRETCH-FABRICS! I'M STARTING TO COME APART!

THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR BEING THE ONLY SUPER-HERO IN TOWN WHO'S NUTTY ENOUGH TO RUN AROUND IN A SECOND-HAND COSTUME!

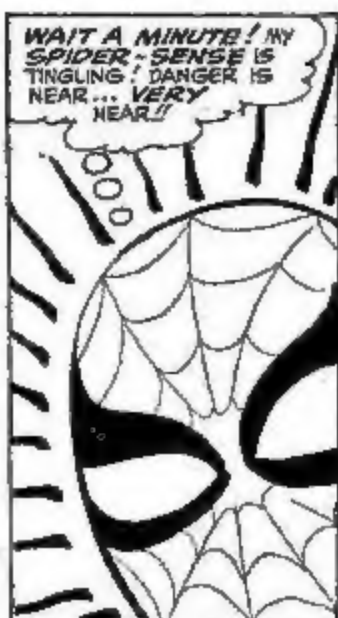
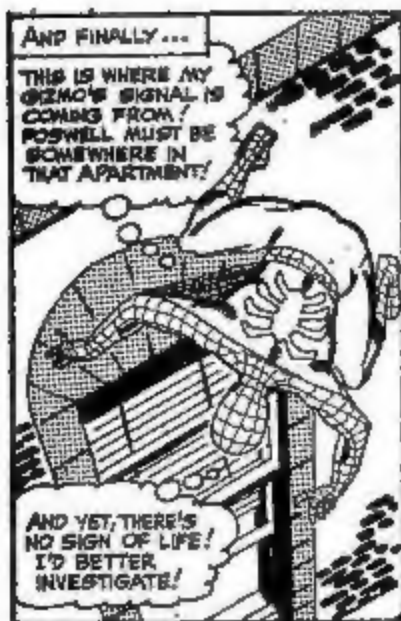


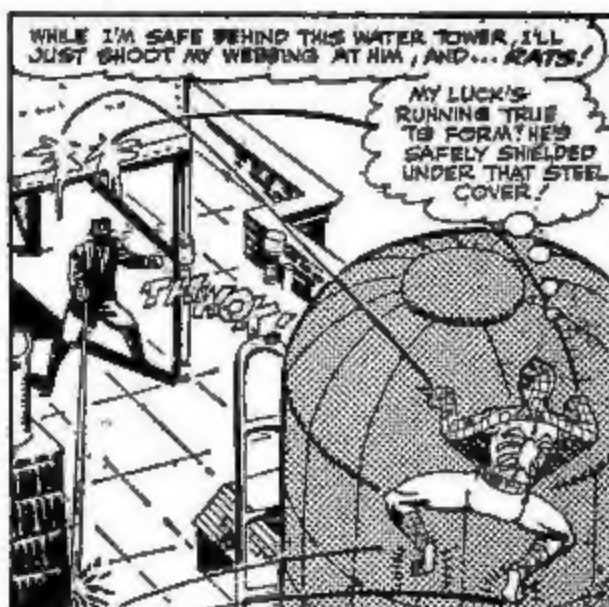
WELL, I'LL JUST USE SOME OF MY WEBBING TO HOLD THE BLAMED THING IN PLACE!

THERE! THAT OUGHTA DO IT!



MINUTES LATER, TWO COLOURFUL FIGURES PASS EACH OTHER IN THE NIGHT, NEITHER REALIZING HOW CLOSE HE IS TO THE OTHER...







SAM TAKES ON A TOUGH EGG! AND WINS WITH A HAT TRICK!

